

## Dame Fashion's Decrees from Paris

PARIS, June 25.—This fair city is packed with tourists, who swarm along the boulevards, fill the faubourgs at the Alcazar, the Folies Bergere and other theaters, and crowd the Louvre, doing the galleries until they look ill and ready to drop in their tracks with fatigue. At this storehouse of art I came across the other day an American "poppa" and his daughters, evidently on their first "grand tour" and bored to extinction by the objects surrounding them. So apparent was their lack of interest that even the guide's professional enthusiasm was lost in a depressed, though persistent, effort to try to make them look at what he considered gems, while they as persistently turned their eyes in another direction.

Finally "poppa" stopped in front of a painting of a woman whose abundant hair was the mantle that enveloped her most, with the remark, "It's a pity she didn't cover herself up a bit." A man was copying this celebrated picture at the time, and the American paused to look at the copy. "I guess if I had my choice I'd take the new one; it looks cleaner," was his criticism. At this point the guide threw up all idea of artistic responsibility, and after a few more unsatisfactory views by "poppa" could stand the strain no longer and brought the trip to a close by exclaiming: "I say, girls, let's go back home to lunch. I'm sick of pictures."

It is very amusing the way different nationalities take their touring experiences—the thoroughness, for instance, of the German, the indifference of the English and the boredom of the American. But to the Parisian life just now seems to be a perpetual fete and a race for pleasure. The smart mondaines will in consequence remain in the beautiful and brilliant city of lights later than usual this season. In every respect it has been one of the most successful seasons, both socially and artistically, experienced at the capital for many years.

A conspicuous artistic success was the costume concert given by Mme. Emma Nevada for a popular charity. The originality of the performance was in the acting and singing in costume of the second act of "Rigoletto" and the last act of "Romeo and Juliet." The programmes were distributed by girls dressed in medieval costumes, and boys were attired as pages of the same epoch.

All Paris turned out yesterday to see the distribution of the prizes to the dog show. To be the owner of a really good canine specimen is the ambition of the smart Parisian mondaine, and the French kennel committee hit upon a fine scheme when they made it a rule that the owners of prize dogs and not their maids should hold the animals when the medals are presented. Consequently when the judges gave the awards the terrace of the Tuileries was a mass of color owing to the exquisite toilet worn by the women. This gathering of femininity was a splendid object lesson in sartorial science, especially that important branch of "how and when to wear a costume." The crowd at the kennel show, of course, was cosmopolitan, but it was an easy

matter to distinguish the grande dame, who wore her clothes gracefully and easily, from the woman elaborately governed by a celebrity in the dress-making world attracting attention merely by her fine feathers.

A particularly pretty and cool looking

coming and summery hat was a large white straw trimmed with almond green velvet ribbon and a bunch of white roses. A distinctive feature of many of the gowns was the Henri II. lace sleeve. These manches are formed of puffs banded and beautified with perky little bows and often finished with a cavalier cuff of silk. A Henri

This year dress is much lighter, brighter and more effective than ever, and in the dainty thin fabrics the magnificence of detail and extravagance of hand work is marvelous. When I try to describe one of these confections I feel like a man in a millinery pligh, and the proper terms fail me. The trimmings on the muslin frocks alone



FOUR PARISIAN OUTDOOR GOWNS.

ing toilet worn by an interesting woman was in pearl gray lightweight cloth, which, by the way, is a very popular shade this season. With her long, box plaited skirt of gray, she wore a blouse of sheer white muslin embroidered down each side of the front, which fastened invisibly. A yoke of "val" lace and fine swiss insertion outlined the shoulders without a hint of the 1830 droop. The muslin sleeves were finished with narrow, turned back cuffs of lace. Her fresh looking hat was a black chip wreathed with green leaves. As she put on her little plaited cloth bolero with pagoda sleeves, cape and a jabot of green and white embroidery and started to leave the show every woman within sight inwardly said, "How nice she looks!"

Another dainty tailor made creation was of faded blotting paper pink. The skirt hung in flat, stitched plaits from an empiecement, and the very short jacket reached to a leather belt of a deeper tone of pink. This jacket opened over a chemise of medaria embroidered mounted over pink. The be-

lieve is a host in itself, and a gown so adorned needs very little else as trimming. The bouffant puff arranged with lace frills under a curtailed bell shaped sleeve is another favorite summer design. The hour, however, is not distant when we shall see a farewell to these pretty arm coverings, and there is even now an unmistakable pressing down of the flat line. In the fall we shall doubtless find our pinions once more closely defined. Meanwhile we can make the most of the present picturesque fullness.

are wonderful. They run in intricate ramblings of lace frills or in rings to form a rosette motif, the entire decorative scheme giving to a gown a suggestion of life and movement. Valenciennes lace this season, which is so much used on gowns, is really beautiful—I mean the machine made sort, which now comes in the five inch depth and does away with any hint of lingerie trimming the narrow variety was apt to convey.

It was the fascinating and frank egoist Marie Bashkirtseff, I think, who

said she devoted herself heart and soul for two weeks to the frivolities of dress and never gave the subject another thought for six months, but I am sure the season's tub dresses alone would take the summer girl more than two weeks to design.

There has been so little distinction lately between summer and winter materials that muslin, both plain and embroidered, has become the only fabric that does not flourish at all seasons. Spotted muslins are especially attractive, and at the Ritz at 8 o'clock tea the other afternoon were two stunningly gowned girls sipping their cooling, one wearing a simple but chic frock of grass muslin ring spotted with black. The trimming consisted of crossed puffings of the muslin ending in choux of black velvet ribbon, the quaint pelerine being finished in the same manner. The success of the ensemble was further heightened by a black straw chapeau, the crown encircled by a ruche of tulle, with a panache of black ostrich feathers at the left side. The other girl's dress was a charming affair of blue and mauve taffeta trimmed with bouillonnance of the silk. The bolero was worn over a lawn and lace shirt.



A bunch of La Frange roses at the belt added a truly Parisian air of coquetry to the costume.

A quaint and rather unusual muslin frock is one of cream in a pin spotted design. The skirt is gathered and trimmed at intervals with plaited muslin ruffles edged with tiny ruchings of blue baby ribbon. The insertions become fuller and nearer together as they

reach the feet, and when the skirt swishes and swirls around one will catch glimpses of a much befrilled blue taffeta petticoat. The bodice, which fastens at the back, has a deep yoke of Irish lace lined with chiffon and beautifully adorned with a scroll pattern of plaited muslin edged with blue bebe ribbon. The elbow sleeves terminate in plaited ruffles. A large picture hat of leghorn trimmed with black velvet and a single enormous pink rose and its foliage are to be the accompanying headgear. With the costume is carried a gathered black chiffon parasol lined with pale pink.

Among half a dozen patchwork gowns, smart in their way, but very elaborate, this dainty pure white lawn stands out conspicuous by reason of its simplicity. The flowing skirt, finished with three deep tucks, is shirred at the waist and falls evenly to the ground over an underskirt of ruffled muslin. The high waisted bodice is girdled by a pointed band of rose chiffon velours, and the St. Cecilia neck is outlined by a piece of pink chiffon embroidery.

An important point to consider is the skirt worn with the airy, fairy frock. If the material is plain, one of the changeable silk or pompadour messaline ceintures enhances the artistic value of a dress scheme, but when the fabric is flowered a solid color in sash or corselet should be worn. With a creamy muslin, for instance, a belt of an opalescent tone, produced by green and pink, is a charming effect. The skirts of these dainty dresses cause a great deal of anxiety in their construction and adornment. There are tucks, deep and narrow, and insertions of lace used in conjunction and as separate motifs. The gathered skirt and the three decker are very acceptable for women who object to fulness about the waist. This triple jupe does not fall from a common foundation, but is joined to fall one part from the other.

When one thinks of all these alluring summer gowns it becomes doubly difficult to make one's allowance "do." Our dressmakers tell us, and truthfully, that the dresses we order take three times as long to make, have three times the amount of material in them and three times the number of hands employed to work upon them. So how can they be even comparatively cheap? The women who must have the "latest" run up long bills (which in many cases are never paid), and those who have a little conscience concerning a milliner's bill are overcharged in order to cover the bad debts. But it won't do to take these matters too seriously, for some of us might be tempted to have gowns "run up at home" by a little woman with a sewing machine, and imagine the end thereof!

CATHERINE TALBOT.

Stand Up to Fit a Shoe. People who buy ready made shoes would find their footgear much more comfortable if only they would stand up instead of sitting down to be fitted. It is an experienced salesman's advice. "Nine out of ten customers, especially women, want to sit in a comfortable chair all the time they are fitting shoes, and it is with difficulty that one can get them to stand a few minutes even after the shoe is fitted. Then when they begin to walk about a little they wonder why the shoe is less easy than when it was first tried on. The fact is that the foot is smaller when one is sitting than when one is walking about. Exercise brings a larger quantity of blood to the feet, and they swell. The muscles, too, require a certain amount of room. In buying shoes this must be borne in mind, or one cannot hope to be shod comfortably."

## Smart Outing Costumes

THIS very practical and pretty tennis costume is carried out in white serge. The skirt is fitted at the waist into rather large plaits, which flare gracefully at the bottom, where a band of stitching makes a pretty finish. The blouse plait into a stitched ceinture and a stitched em-



placement, and the epaulets are ornamented with ivory buttons. The little chemise and the stitched sailor hat are of white linen.

The yachting gown is of the ever popular blue serge, with stitched straps forming a tablier down the front of the skirt and arranged in bias bands at the sides. The jaunty coat is trimmed with stitching and gold bullet buttons.

Bernhardt's Skin Tonic.

Sarah Bernhardt, who is well known for her perennial youthfulness, attributes the seeming miracle entirely to a special skin tonic which she favors. This eau sedative is said to have the effect of making the flesh firm and elastic, while strengthening and whitening the skin and soothing the terrible "nerves" to which our twentieth century womanhood seems a ready prey. The recipe for the lotion is as follows: Half a pint of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia and five ounces of sea salt, to be added to sufficient boiling water to make a quart in all, when the mixture should be placed in a bottle and thoroughly shaken before use. This lotion, which should be well rubbed into the skin daily, is said to be especially efficacious in taking the fatigue out of tired muscles.

Stylish Golfing Hat.

The season's golfing hat has a wider brim than heretofore and is composed of rough, soft straw, the only adornment being a band of canvas embroidered in bright colors.

## New York Girls Love Queer Fads to Excite the Curious

(Chicago Chronicle.) DO YOU know the new new fads of the girl of Gotham? You are clever if you keep track of them all, and you are dull if you do not admire them. For, however silly they may be, however far-fetched and feminine, they are certainly interesting and many of them are clever.

The girl of Gotham carries around with her a small satchel. This contains her mascot. She has so many of them that they will not all go in her pocket, nor can they all be strung upon a chain. She must have a whole satchel devoted to them and she packs them away as she would pack her wardrobe.

And here are some of her mascots: She carries a jungle elephant. A jungle elephant is the lucky animal of certain hot countries and the Gotham girl is superstitious. She carries always with her a little carved white elephant and to him she offers her prayers for a lucky day.

Then in the satchel there goes also a big fat bean. It looks like a hedgehog, but it is flatter, and on the outside is carved her sign of the zodiac. Take your month and carve its sign upon the outside of a horse chestnut or a big fat bean and you will have a Hindoo Brahmin talisman.

The lucky penny is in every purse and, now, there must be also a sapphire. If it is not carried in the purse it is worn, for the sapphire is the lucky stone of 1904. Don't be without a sapphire any longer. Get one and never lay it aside. Wear it or carry it all the time.

The girl of Gotham has a fad for entertaining in new ways. Some of these ways are rather unconventional. The bachelor girl gives little dressing saque parties. Her guests come in shirt waists and separate skirts, but the bachelor girl wears a dressing saque and silk petticoat. This sounds odd. But, really, the dressing saque is a marvel in frills and is made of the finest lawn and needlework and the silk petticoat is a wonderful thing in ruffles and lace. It can cost anything up to \$50. Of course, with the silk petticoat the bachelor girl wears a bewitching pair of French heeled slippers and her hair is done low, in girlish fashion, with a bow of ribbon at the back.

Then the girl of Gotham has other entertainment fads. She gives a Limerick party. Do you know what a Limerick party is? Invite a dozen guests and tell them all to come prepared with a rhyme. Then get a blank book. Write Limericks on the outside. And on the first page inscribe your own rhyme. The guests arrive. Each tells his or her rhyme. Each writes it in the Limerick book. And that makes the enter-

tainment. It is a great fad in Gotham.

The funnier the Limerick the better. The New York girl has another fad. She loves skulls. She carries a tiny one upon her watch fob "for luck" and for ornament, and she hangs a skull of paper mache, if she cannot get the real article, over her dressing table. She arranges a row of skulls along the walls of her library, innocent-looking skulls that make you think they are made of plaster of paris, and she hangs a skull in her dining-room. It is just a fad, she will tell you. But a very vigorous one just now.

Then the Gotham girl has a fad for animals of the jungle. She calls them jungleheads. She never goes without carrying one with her. She carries a junglehead upon the handle of her parasol. And she has it arranged so that she can unscrew it and screw another one on in its place. She owns half a dozen of these heads, tigers, panthers, wild cats and angoras, and she possesses a wolf's head, a fox head and the head of a wild boar. She never stirs unless protected by one of these.

The more animals she can carry about with her the better. This is the opinion of the girl of Gotham. She wears a silver head at her belt, the head of an animal she carries a carved cat upon her parasol handles. In her pocket there reposes a carved ivory elephant, at her throat there is a tiny black dog; her shirt waist set is in the shape of an animal's head, and upon her bag there is fastened a silver ornament which resembles an animal of jungle head. Truly she does not move about unprotected.

And the girl of Gotham has some fads which are not quite so harmless, some naughty fads. And one of these is the fad of the scented cigarette. She takes paper cigarettes and rolls them in perfume until the paper is saturated.

And the way to do it is this: Take a little nice perfume and pour it into the palm of your hands. Select your cigarette, roll it around in your hand until the perfume is all soaked up and the cigarette is dampened. Then lay it aside to dry. As soon as the paper is crisp again light the cigarette and smoke it. The result will be a very pleasant aroma, a highly scented atmosphere which will add a thousand per cent to the delights of smoking.

The Gotham girl has one more fad which might not be called just the thing. She burns Chinese incense and sits in front of the long smoldering sticks—smoking! She takes long whiffs of cigarette smoke and blows the smoke in the air while the Japanese sticks send forth their incense behind her head.

She makes a lovely picture seated thus and one that will not be forgotten. But is it right to smoke? Is it right to burn incense and sit in front of it as though you were the daughter of a mandarin? These are questions to be pondered.

The girl of Gotham has plans laid ahead for August. She is going to go barefoot. Yet not quite barefoot, for she will wear sandals. If you want to know how she will look just get a pair of child's sandals, the sort the children of London wear in the summer time. There are, if you will recall, soles that are long and wide and flat. Then comes a strip of leather which passes up between the toes. There is a strap at the back, making a sort of little harness, and there are straps across the instep. This makes the sandals strong and complete. The girl of Gotham wears this and inner goods barefooted. It is pretty and it is healthy and now, since she does not pinch her toes, it is becoming.

Making sandals is one of the Gotham girl's fads. She cuts them out of leather, has the straps arranged at the harness shop and so is able to have sandals of every kind and every color. She needs nothing but the leather with which to work. The rest she can manage for herself. She knows how to make them.

There is another fad and this is a pretty one. It costs real money, but is refined and aesthetic. To have such a fad one must either be rich or have rich friends. For the fad is nothing less than the collecting of purses.

To gratify this fad one must have purses from all over the world. There is a quaint purse all gold threads from Central America. Then there is the Indian bead purse. There are handsome purses of Japan, all bright colored and exquisitely carved with a chain attached, with a jewel, which is carried in the hand.

There are purses made of Russian embroidery and hand bags of the same. Upon the outside there are stubby little trees and Russian wolves and low houses. There are square silk purses and hand bags that are wonders in handsome French brocade; and there are bags of 1830 made from the attic. It is a fad to have a great many of them, and to carry as many as possible, one at a time, but changing often.

And the New York girl has other fads; and one of these is very inexpensive. It is the fad for laundry work. Don't put out your fine linen if you want to follow this fad. Do it yourself. In one of her summer trunks the girl of Gotham takes a miniature laundry outfit. Everything is doll's size, but very useful just the same.

There is the tiny washboard. There is the little bit of a washtub, no bigger than a little girl would need for her doll clothes. There is the little box of fine starch and the salt to make it smooth and glossy. There are the tiny clothes pins and there is the bluing and there are the dyes. Fine washing, nowadays, includes the knowledge of ecru tints, cream and blue and gray.

For ironing purposes the Gotham girl takes with her a little charcoal iron. You build a fire in it and it stays hot all through the ironing. It is the neatest, safest thing that ever was, and the summer girl who owns such an iron is quite independent of gas and electricity, of stoves and uncertain heat.

Washing one's own clothes in one's own room is a great fad. The board-

ing-house keeper and the proprietor do not like it, but what can the poor girl do when there is no laundry handy or when the prices are ruinous?

It is a fad to give a laundry party. All the other boarders are invited in your room while you slap out your fine laces, wash your organdies and lawns and do a little lace handkerchief ironing on the looking glass and window pane. There is many a young lady saved this way, so it is a very useful fad.

The monogram fad is not new, but it is more the fad than ever. You can get a belt buckle which is made of your monogram and nothing else. You can put a big monogram on the back of your gloves. You can stamp your bag with a monogram. You can embroider one on your slipper. You can put a monogram upon the breast of your shirt waist, or upon your right sleeve. And you can monogram your sash ends, and goodness knows what not. It is a very pretty fad and one that affords work for busy fingers all summer, for of the making of monograms there is no end.

And among the fads there is the patch. Do you know how to make a patch, and how to put it on, and how to wear it? It is the thing to cut it out in fancy shape and wear it next to one's best feature. If you have a dimple, by all means put the patch next to it. If your chin be cleft, then let the patch adorn your chin to show its pretty curve. If your forehead be wide and smooth, if your cheek be round, if you have a pretty eye, try to bring out its beauty with a patch.

Nor is the patch a tiny one. It is cut out of black courtplaster. And it is placed in just the right spot. It is diamond-shaped or it is circular. It is cut in animal form or cut in some other shape, odd and attractive. And it is placed exactly upon the right spot. That is the way to wear a patch.

The Gotham girl has a fad for mixing drinks this summer. This may not be as harmful as it sounds. Many of her drinks are made of fruit juices, cunningly mingled in a vegetarian manner, and there is nothing of an alcoholic nature in them. If she be a wise girl—and the girls of Gotham are wise—she learns how to mix drinks both ways and you can take your choice by the asking. There are always new drinks and one of them is served with a tiny ladle from the depths of the shell of a grape fruit which acts as a punch bowl.

Serving things in their natural shells is one of her fads. Squash is boiled and mashed, seasoned and beaten light, and then is heaped into a great hollowed out squash shell. Potatoes are scooped out of their covers, are seasoned and piled back, and are sent to the table again as baked potatoes. Fish is served in baked potato skins. And there are delicious little salads which are served in apples, the middle of which is scooped out.

All sorts of fruit are cut up and served in grape fruit skins; and now there comes the muskmelons filled with ice cream, and the watermelons with the scooped out insides refilled with watermelon. It is to be a season of Mother Nature, says the faddish girl of Gotham.

If there were all the fads of the New York girl it would be enough. But they are not. She has fads galore. Fads

without number, fads unceasing, fads present and fads to come.

She has a fad for wearing a shirt

waist without a collar and she loves to

turn in the neck of her shirt waist.

This is when she golfs. She goes without a hat and she rolls up her sleeves. This gives an even coat of tan and makes her strong. It is one of her pet fads.

And there are others. But these are surely enough for the girls of this town to know, enough to keep them busy for a long time to come—if they are out fad hunting!

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